

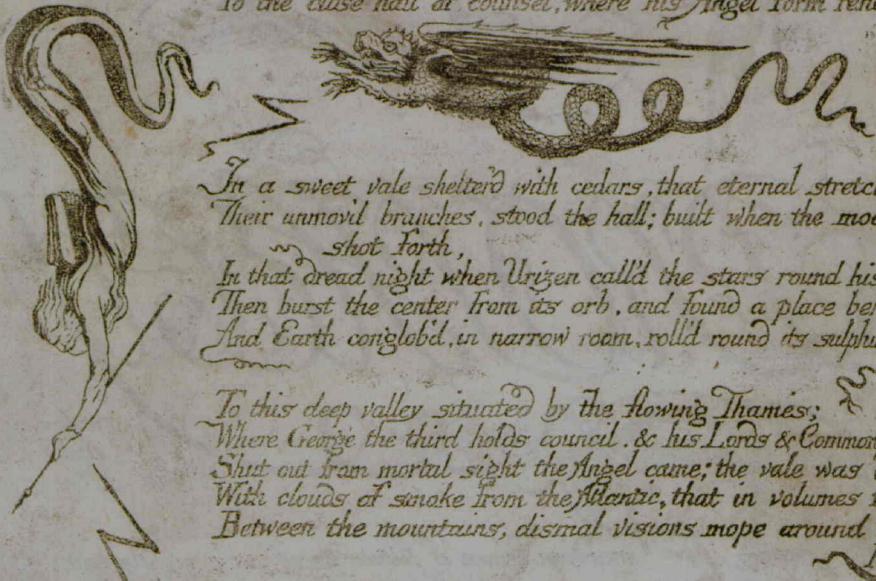
PROPHETY

The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his mighty tent;
Sullen fires across the Atlantic glow to America's shore,
Piercing the souls of warlike men, who rise in silent night,
Washington, Hancock, Paine, & Warren, Gates, Franklin, & Green;
Meet on the coast glowing with blood from Albion's fiery Prince.

Washington spoke; Friends of America, look over the Atlantic sea;
A benedict how in heaven is lifted, & a heavy iron chain
Descends link by link from Albion's cliffs across the sea to bind
Brothers & sons of America, till our faces pale and yellow;
Heads deprest, voices weak, eyes downcast, hands work bruised,
Feet bleeding on the sultry sands, & the furrows of the whip
Descend to generations that in future times forget —

The strong voice ceased for a terrible blast swept over the heaving
The eastern cloud rent, on his cliffs stood Albion's fiery Prince.
A dragon form clashing his scales, at midnight he arose,
And flared fierce meteors round the land of Albion beneath;
His voice, his locks, his awful shoulders, & his glowing eyes

Reveal the dragon thro' the human; coursing swift as fire
To the close hall of counsel, where his Angel form renewes.



In a sweet vale shelter'd with cedars, that eternal stretch
Their unmovil branches, stood the hall; built when the moon
shot forth,
In that dread night when Urien call'd the stars round his feet:
Then burst the center from its orb, and found a place beneath;
And Earth conglob'd, in narrow room, roll'd round its sulphur Sun.

To this deep valley situated by the flowing Thames;
Where George the third holds council, & his Lords & Commons meet;
Shut out from mortal sight the Angel came; the vale was dark
With clouds of smoke from the Atlantic, that in volumes roll'd
Between the mountains, dismal visions mope around the
house

On chairs of iron, canopied with mystic ornaments.
Of lde by magic power condens'd; infernal farms art-bound
The council sat; all rose before the aged apparition;
His snowy beard that streams like lambent flames down his
wide breast
Wetting with tears, & his white garments cast a wintry light.

Then as arnid clouds arise terrific round the northern drum;
The world is silent at the flapping of the folding banners;
So still terrois rent the house: as when the solemn globe
Launch'd to the unknown shore, while Sotha held the north-
ern helm,

Till to that void it came & fell; so the dark house was rent,
The valley movil beneath; its shining pillars split in twain,
And its roots crack acros down falling on th' angelic seats.

When Albion's Angel rose resolv'd to the cave of armoury:
His shield that bound twelve demons & their cities in its orb,
He took down from its trembling pillar, from its cavern deep,
His helmet was brought by London's Guardian, & his thirsty spear
By the wise spirit of London's river, silent stood the King breathing
with flames:

And on his shining limbs they clasp'd the armour of terrible gold.
Infinite London's awful spires cast a dreadful gleam
Even to rational things beneath, and from the palace walls
Around Saint James's glow the fires, even to the city gate.

On the vast stone whose name is Truth he stood, his cloud
Smote with his scepter, the scale bound orb loud howld; th' eternal
pillar
Trembling sunk, an earthquake roll'd along the molten pile.

In glittering armour, swift as winds, intelligent as flames;
Four winged heralds mount the furious blasts & blow their trumps
Gold, silver, brass & iron ards clamoring rend the shores.
Like white clouds rising from the deeps, his fifty-two armes
From the four cliffs of Albion rise, glowing around their Prince;
Angels of cities and of parishes and villages and families.
In armour as the nerves of wisdom, each his station fires.

In opposition dire, a warlike cloud the myriads stood
In the red air before the Demon; seen even by mortal men:
Who call it Fury, or shut the gates of sense, & in their chain
bers.

Sleep like the dead. But like a constellation risen and blazin
Over the rugged ocean; so the Angels of Albion hung
Over the frowning shadow, like a king in arms of gold.
Who wept over a den, in which his only son outstretched
By rebels hands was slain; his white beard wail in the wind.

On mountains & cliffs of snow the awful apparition hovord;
And like the voices of religious dead, heard in the mountains:
When holy zeal scents the sweet valleys of ripe vir
gin bliss;

Such was the hollow voice that o'er the red Demon
lamented.



Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy.
The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire;
Round the terrific loins he siezd the panting struggling womb;
It joyd; she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile:
As when a black cloud shew's its lightnings to the silent deep.

Soon as she saw the terrible boy then burst the virgin cry.

I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go;
Thou art the image of God who dwells in darkness of Africa;
And thou art fallen to give me life in regions of dark death.
On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions
Endur'd by roots that writhe their arms into the nether deep:
I see a serpent in Canada, who courts me to his love;
In Mexico an Eagle, and a Lion in Peru;
I see a Whale in the South sea, drinking my soul away.
O what limb rending pains I feel, thy fire & my frost
Mingle in howling pains, in furrows by thy lightnings rent;
This is eternal death; and this the torment long foretold.



Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my Thirteen Angels!
Loud howls the eternal Wolf! the eternal Lion lashes his tail!
America is darkned; and my punishing Demons terrified
Crouch howling before their caverns deep like skins dry'd in the wind.
They cannot smite the wheat, nor quench the fatness of the earth.
They cannot smite with sorrows, nor subdue the plow and spade.
They cannot wall the city, nor moat round the castle of princes.
They cannot bring the stubbed oak to overgrow the hills.
For terrible men stand on the shores, & in their robes I see
Children take shelter from the lightnings, there stands Washington
And Paine and Warren with their foreheads rear'd toward the east
But clouds obscure my aged sight. A vision from afar!
Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels;
Ah vision from afar! Ah rebel form that rent the ancient
Heavens, Eternal Viper self-renew'd, rolling in clouds
I see thee in thick clouds and darknes on America's shore.
Writhing in pangs of abhorred birth, red flames the crest rebellious
And eyes of death; the harlot womb oft opened in vain
Heaves in enormous circles, now the times are return'd upon thee,
Devourer of thy parent, now thy unutterable torment renew's.
Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels.
Ah terrible birth! a young one bursting! where is the weeping mouth?
And where the mothers milk? instead those ever-hisping jaws
And parched lips drop with fresh gore; now roll thou in the clouds
Thy mother lays her length out-stretch'd upon the shore beneath.
Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels!
Loud howls the eternal Wolf! the eternal Lion lashes his tail!



Thus wept the Angel voice & as he wept the terrible blasts
Of trumpets, blew a loud alarm acros' the Atlantic deep.
No trumpets answer; no reply of clarions or of fife,
Silent the Colonies remain and refuse the loud alarm.

On those vast shady hills between America & Albions shore;
Now barr'd out by the Atlantic sea: calld Atlantean hills:
Because from their bright summits you may pass to the Golden world
An ancient palace, archetype of mighty Empires.
Rears its immortal pinnacles, built in the forest of God
By Aristan the king of beauty for his stolen bride.

Here on their magic seats the thirteen Angels sat perturb'd,
For clouds from the Atlantic hover o'er the solemn roof.



What tune the thirteen Governors' that England sent con
In Bernards house; the flames coverd the land, they rouze the
cry
Shaking their mental chains they rush in fury to the sea
To quench their anguish; at the feet of Washington down fall
They grovel on the sand and writhing lie, while all
The British soldiers thro' the thirteen states sent up a howl
Of anguish; drew their swords & muskets to the earth & ran
From their encampments and dark castles seeking where to hide
From the grim furies; and from the visions of Orc; in sight
Of Albions Angels; who enrage his secret clouds open'd
From north to south, and burnt outstretched on wings of wrath o'er
The eastern sky, spreading his awful wings o'er the heavens;
Beneath him roll his numerous hosts, all Albions Angels camp'd
Darkend the stromatic mountains & their trumpets shook the valley
Armed with scourges of the earth to cast upon the Abyss,
Their numbers forty millions, mustering in the eastern sky.



What time the thirteen Governors that England sent -
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